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concerns, our taste for the fine arts, and our general prosperity receive attention. Let them not outstrip Religion in the race; but let her be the leader, encourager, beautifier, and inspirer of *all*. We are a religious nation in our *outward* aspect; let us be one in our inmost heart, and prosperity of the truest kind cannot fail to be ours. When the era of profound respect for the Beautiful and Pure shall be instated in our midst, Heathen Rome shall be shamed in the glory and true greatness of Christian America.



THE POWER OF BEAUTY.



THE most powerful thing, says an Arab proverb, is a *beautiful woman*; and the Arab is a philosopher, in the cosmopolitan sense, as any one may learn for himself, by placing his heart in the way of one of the willing ones of her sex. The wife of DARIUS had a power over ALEXANDER which no three hundred thousand men could compass. A HELEN had power to instate the Trojan War, whose magnificent drama the sublimest poet of Heathen Greece has rendered immortal; a CLEOPATRA "shook the earth to its centre" by her frown, and won ANTHONY by her smile; a CESAR submitted to be led by OCTAVIA; HYPATIA had strength, for a time, to oppose the Bishop of Alexandria in his endeavors to forbid the worship of the falling Jupiter. All these examples were, perhaps, patent to the Arab, and gave him confidence in the truth of his saying. But the Arab needed no reference to such noble and distant instances; his own household could furnish him ample proof of the wisdom of the proverb. If we are to believe BAYARD TAYLOR, who sang:

"Daughter of Egypt, veil thine eyes
I cannot bear their fire"—

even the modern houri is tempting beyond words, and compels a worship of which SESOSTRIS might have been proud.

But we Franks need not go abroad for our proof of the proposition. Here—as in the Orient, as in Italy, as in Paris, as in Covent-Garden Theatre—woman reigns

over hearts as imperially as did Dido over Carthage and the heart of the fickle ÆNEAS. Of this we almost daily have confirmation; and may be permitted a narration of a few incidents to illustrate.

In a studio "up town," hangs a face which, in the darkness of a recess, scarcely attracts attention. It is that of a woman, dressed in mourning, and lined with traces of a great grief. But it bears the impress of a lofty dignity, a Christian fortitude, a self-reliance and power, which render it decidedly beautiful—albeit the nose is slightly masculine, and the forehead too high and full for grace. A visitor to the Artist's studio was a certain well-known patron of Art, whose heart, however, seemed insensible to the power of living flesh and blood, though it seemed devoted to the "creatures of life," as they passed from the easel to the wall. During one of his calls, the sun shot his rays in at the skylight window, and, reflected by a piece of shield hanging on the side-wall, the light fell upon the lady's face. The gentleman started, went forward to the picture, and soon was lost in its study. "A master's hand must have done this," he said to himself. "What exquisite finish, and perfectness in detail!" And from the study of the whole he began to dwell upon its parts—hair, nose, lips, chin, bust,—all passed in review under his critical study. "Who is this?" exclaimed he. "It is my aunt, whose husband was lost in the Arctic," said the painter; "and I have finished up her face from a daguerreotype. It has been a labor of love, and I love it very much. This very day I look for her here." "Delightful!" exclaimed the visitor; but whether at the picture or the promise of a visit, we may not say. Even while they spoke the lady came in, dressed very modestly in dark half-mourning. She gave the Artist, a real, warm, loving kiss, and called him "my boy," very tenderly. "Lucky dog!" exclaimed the visitor to himself, he supposed; but the lady heard, and was astonished. The Artist, however, called to his friend, and introduced him. A sitter at that moment appeared, in the person of a niece of the gentleman connoisseur; and it was evident, by the way the Artist flushed at her entrance, that he had some interest in her, artistical or otherwise. Ah, she *was* a beauty! The great city scarcely compassed such another, so full of radiance was her face, so lithe and graceful her

form, so ringing the music of her voice. Her bonnet was in her hand, "from running up fourteen pair of stairs," she said; and her face was glowing with the rich color of health. She came forward, giving her left hand to the Artist, very coquettishly, while her uncle looked her full in the face and laughed—at what, he scarcely knew. "Madam," said he, turning to the Artist's aunt, "I do think that girl the fairest creature on this good earth, and the boy shall have her, if—if you will have me! Oh! you are so nobly endowed, I know—you have sorrowed so much, that I indeed love you as I never before loved any woman. Let me place my hand in yours and call you mine, as your boy shall call my darling his. Shall it be?" And, suiting the words to the action, he seized her hand; the Artist and the girl dropped on their knees before the astonished woman; and, ere she was aware, all were crying and laughing together. One week from that time, a gay scene transpired in the parlors of a Sixth Avenue mansion; for a double marriage at Church that day, had set that quarter into all manner of excitement. It seemed so queer that the irreproachable Mr. P. should be "caught," and should give up his beautiful niece to a poor Artist, the wondering said; but when the affair came to our hearing, it was no mystery,—simply a happy illustration of the Power of Beauty.

We have heard of a child lured away into the wood by the song and plumage of the bright birds, and of the witchery which the fields and woods have for the simple heart. It is a natural thing—a child is Beauty's self, and it seeks the associations most in harmony with its own pure nature. A little girl of our acquaintance is in perfect raptures over a pretty dress, and is extremely fond of display, simply because of the appeal to her taste which it makes. This, we are sure, is the case with many women whom the world terms proud. They lavish much money on jewels and dress from the same impulse by which an artist is moved who loves to use Titian hues; and in our judgment we should carefully discriminate between such a love of adornment and the grosser taste which scrupulously follows fashion for fashion's sake, lavishing money upon ornament, simply because it is "the style," and not because it is intrinsically beautiful.

We were present at the Publishers' and

Authors' Festival, given in the Crystal Palace a couple of winters since. Present in that crowd of "the profession" were many notable persons—women and men. Among the former was a matron of fifty, whose complexion was as pure as a child's, and whose beauty was still in its freshness. Her dress was of elegant velvet, but quite without the tricky appendages which had long been *ton* in the way of trimmings. Upon her forehead, at its apex, gleamed a jewel of much purity; and this was her almost only "ornament." Among fifty ladies she was the most observed, and won from all warm encomiums for her beauty and consummate good taste. Another lady present, equally eminent in the literary world, was dressed in the very reverse style—low-necked, short-sleeved dress of dark satin—much jewelry over head, neck, wrists, and hands, and a general "flash" appearance. Of her we heard many really rude speeches; and it is certain she possessed no real power over those who waited upon her words. Such is association; and we may say honestly and earnestly to our lady friends, that there is a discord in the harmony of their beauty, when they dress in *outré* taste, and use ornament to profusion.

A gentleman of our acquaintance was passing through Ohio, a few years since, and met in one of the "country balls" which he attended, a rustic belle whose charms caught him captive. It was a real case of the power of beauty; for, educated in the customs and etiquette of the city, he found nothing of Fifth Avenue in the young beauty. Her simplicity and beauty prevailed over tastes that rebelled at her rather untutored ways, and he wooed and won her, placing her, *after marriage*, in a school on the Hudson, where she at length became an adept in modern social usage, and well perfected in her several studies. Then she was introduced into city life, and won all hearts by her beauty and the naiveness of her manner; but "position" turned her head, and the "sweet woman" soon became merged into the dashing woman of fashion, extravagant to extreme, luxurious in living, and a regular *habitué* of the opera and theatre. Beautiful still, the power of the quality is gone; and the husband is no longer happy in her charms, and has been heard to say he would consent to go to Ohio and farm for a living, if it would restore his wife to her former

simplicity and purity of heart. The hearth-light of that home is gone out.

We might multiply histories, *ad infinitum*, to illustrate the physical and moral force of the Beautiful, but space forbids; and as we find our article assuming something of a serious manner, we reluctantly cut it short. The subject of the relationships which Physical Beauty sustains to Art, is one prolific of much thought—much discussion; and this branch of the topic we leave to future papers. As time and occasion offer, we shall try and talk familiarly to the reader of these questions, too often rendered abstruse and repellent by the dry and impractical abstractions of writers who ought to be popular, but are not. The Beautiful has power that is too little noticed, in our hurry after the gold bubbles that so often vanish into thin air when we think to grasp them; and it can do no harm for us to preach our little sermons, in hopes of winning the readers of the "Cosmopolitan" to, at least, a thought of the Beautiful and the True.



"ILLUSTRATED" WORKS.



THE "Illustration" mania is upon our people. Nothing but "illustrated works" are profitable to publishers; while the illustrated magazines and newspapers are in everybody's hands—are vastly popular. HARPER initiated the era, by their illustrated Bible; then fast followed illustrated SHAKESPEARES, and BYRONS, and SCOTTS, until the English Classics were all rejuvenated and tricked out as well as excellent artists and gravers could possibly effect. Then the Magazines "followed suit"—Harper keeping, as it still does, the lead, and the page that had the best picture was esteemed the best. For a while, Harper had the field all to itself; and it was so evident that "the pictures" took with the masses, that other Magazines must needs copy the feature. *Graham* run up the "illustrated" colors; *Mrs. Stephens' Monthly* made the pictures a leading feature from the start, as did also the *U. S. Magazine*. *Putnam*, alone, held out—the "organ of the best American mind," how could it stoop to the "charlatanism" of

block-heads? "Ah, well-a-day!" as some of our sad poets sing,—even the immaculate *Putnam*, the "Maga," the all-sufficient organ of the *best* things in our literature, had to succumb, and now sails out boldly, vying with *Harper* and the *N. Y. Ledger*, in the way of "taking" cuts and flash pictures.

And so we go. Not a Monthly Magazine in all the length and breadth of this land which is not "an organ of the best American" *wood engravers*! The graver has usurped the field—the hackneyed pen is "old foggy," or simply stands by to say "this is a horse," while pictures "tell the tale that the tongue is too timid to tattle." The *North American Review* alone resists, preserving, with puritanical gravity, its old, staid way, and endeavoring to afford a *vade mecum* for the elegant scholarship of Cambridge University. Will it, too, become possessed of the "popular" impulse, and seek to "illustrate" the thoughts which flit through the brains of what is, doubtless, "the best American mind?" We shudder at the bare supposition, and ejaculate a "Heaven forbid!" Already we are too dependent upon Great Britain for the very best periodical literature which circulates in our midst; and if this literary wood-cut mania does not abate, we shall still further become addicted to looking across the ocean for our ablest current papers on current topics; for it is certain "illustration" is as much out of place in the midst of disquisitions, abstractions, generalities, arguments, statistics, citations, as it is in place in a professed Art Journal; and if we would have a *Blackwood*—a real "Maga"—in America, it must come with no cheap sign of box-wood, but with the sterner stuff of solid brain-work, embodying the thought, the feeling, the *ideas* of this people—taking hold of men, and books, and principles, and facts, and fancies, in a manner to show a masterly fitness for the task. No mere picture-book will answer; the gingerly conceit of young and flattered authors will not answer; the assumptions of title-page and prospectus will not answer. We demand a true, high-toned, liberally-conducted and ably-edited Monthly—an *American Monthly*—the organ of the leading mind of the country. Shall we have it?



A PRIVATE letter gives reason to hope for the recovery of CRAWFORD, the sculptor.